

Rural Editor's
Paragraphs

OUR Department of Health in its campaign to prevent the spread of the flu arrested a couple of guys last week for sneezin' in a public conveyance but the lads proved an alibi. They were only conversin' in Russian on the trolley car.

History doesn't inform us as to whether Bluebeard was a con server of vegetables, but there certainly was a number of drier beans found in his attic, according to legendary report.

Danny Green an' his wife shot a game of craps last week to see whether they would git a divorce or not. Sort of shootin' off a tie say we.

Sake Short, so Dame Rumor avereth, is keepin' company with a widow who lives up the Cross Roads way. We bet she's got out her widow's weed chains to see that he don't slip.

Our Main street vegetable store has a sign "fine cranberries inside." That's the way we like our cranberries. We allus like to consider cranberry sauce as an inside job, say we.

One of our local spinsters says that from the way the flappers are bein' married off there's nuthin' to that old mouthful about "fortune favors the braid." Seems to her as if the bobbed hair was gettin' the call.

In answer to an inquiry from a Seeker for Knowledge, we would say that Sir Galahad, the knight who was so popular with the ladies, got his name from his speakin' so much about "the gal I had," popular corruption of the pronunciation turnin' the "I" into an "a." Don't mention it, Seeker. Ask us anything. Educatin' the public who are not so fortunate as to be as well informed as ourselves is our one pleasure in life.

Speakin' of knights, the old boys must a' had their own troubles. Just imagine sendin' your suit of mail to the Chinese laundry an' havin' him put too much starch in it.

Indoor operation of the phonograph has caused a local way to revamp the evenin' prayer as follows: Now I lay me down to sleep; I hope my neighbor don't play "The Steep." I pray the Lord that, before I wake, They'll drop that record and it will break.

A good many pitchers are workin' out at Hot Springs, but they won't get in real hot water until they face Bambino with the bases full an' the score tied. As the sportin' writers say, he sure swings an iniquitous mace.

Rube Hawkins has had trenches dug aroun' his pig pen to make the drainage better an' render it more sanitary for the pigs. He says he'll slam the first guy that makes a wise crack about wieldin' a trenchant pen.

Judge Meeker observes that it's usually the case that a person has only a one-track mind the track is laid in stone ballast.

A Few Drags at the Old Pipe

Some people can't tell the truth when they meet it on the street.

They are talking of establishing smoking rooms for men in some of the theatres.

One thing that gives Efficiency a black eye is that it brags too much.

Nothing like putting up a good front. Many a seventeen-dollar suit has won a twenty-dollar job.

Wonder what George Washington would say if he could see some of the cake-eaters who have been named after him.

Apparently the only way those Sing Sing boys can break out is to have the measles.

The only guys sure to make money in the street are the banana peddlers.

Mr. Drummond Fyfe is a New York accompanist.

A woman never looks on the dark side—of a mirror.

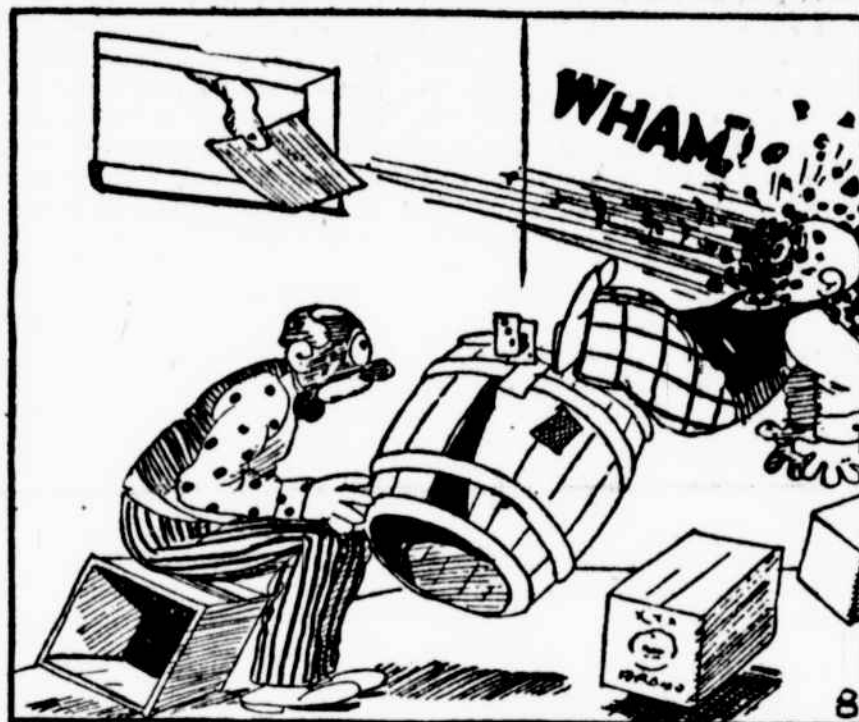
A lot of boob fortunes have kicked the bucket lately.

Landru, the French "Bluebeard," was not the first much-married man to lose his head.

New York artist married a beautiful blonde, but she died.

One of the best methods of removing superfluous hair is to shoot a Cossack.

Eddie's Friends



VERY few people know the proper etiquette to use in a first-class restaurant. The same tactics should not be used as in a quick lunch cafe or armchair soup emporium. Therefore, in order to avoid embarrassment, show that you are well-bred by following the appended rules:

In the first place, forget that your check is going to look like the population figures of New Jersey. Worrying over a matter of this sort not only brings on indigestion, but also causes the waiter to suspect that you are not going to tip him.

When you eat in a swell restaurant, of course, you want to attract attention. However, try to do this some other way than via your soup. One of the best ways we can recommend is to upset your table.

If you have taken a lady friend to dinner, of course, you should prove entertaining, but don't try to amuse her by pulling any old gags on the waiter, such as: "I found a collar button in my salad, waiter. Is that part of the dressing?"

Do not be too ungraceful passing dishes. So long as you do not upset more than two decanters of water and one cup of coffee you have not shown that you are unduly awkward or unaccustomed to eating out.

When you order a French dish and do not know what it is like, it is proper etiquette to complain to the waiter that it is not properly prepared. The guests around you will at once assume that you are from Paris—even though it is only Paris, Kentucky.

Use tact in eating your spaghetti. Do not wrap it around your knife. The proper etiquette to use in eating this popular food is to tie knots in it; then you can stick your fork in it.

When you order planked steak do not forget to ask the waiter to show you the sawdust from which the plank was cut.

When you want to attract your waiter's attention do not arise, place your hands to your mouth and shout at the top of your voice: "Hey, waiter, come here!" The proper etiquette to use to call your waiter is to use a bean-shooter. Peck him on the left ear with a bean or a pea.

Do not flirt with any unescorted ladies in the restaurant—not until they have paid their checks.

If the spoon gets in your eye when you try to drink your coffee do not forget to bowl the waiter out for giving you a spoon with such a long handle.

Do not arise from the table and hand the waiter a large button for a tip. He has thousands of buttons he has gotten in this way, and he may embarrass you by telling you so. Instead, write him out a large check—then stop payment on it.

When the check is brought do not start to tell a funny story and feign you do not see the waiter. Instead, grab the check; then pass it to the man next to you and say: "I can't see the amount; I haven't my glasses with me." Or, if you do not wear glasses, get a violent coughing spell about the time the check is brought. Then explain (after someone else has paid the check) that coughing always renders you speechless.

Not Buying Bones.

"HAVE you any rags to sell?" asked the ragman of the tall, angular woman who was standing at the door.

"No," replied the woman, tartly; "only those I'm wearing at the present time. If you want them you must take me, too."

The ragman scanned the woman and a triumphant smile jerked around his lips.

"I'm very sorry, ma'am," he said, as he turned to go; "I'm only buying rags—not bones."

The Knot Was Loose.

THE vicar was sitting in his study hard at work on the following Sunday morning's sermon when a visitor was announced.

She was a hard, muscular-looking woman, and when the minister offered her a chair she said, brusquely:

"You are Mr. Jenkins, aren't you?"

"I am," replied the good man.

"Well, maybe you remember marrying a couple of strangers at your church a month ago?"

"What are the names?" asked the vicar.

Heard Along Broadway

"Benjamin Simpson and Eliza Brown," replied the woman, "and I'm Eliza."

"Are you, indeed?" said the minister. "I think I remember."

"Yes," interrupted the visitor. "I'm her, all right, and I thought as how I ought to drop in an' tell you that Benjamin's escaped."

Passing the Buck.

"WHAT position did you hold in your last place?" asked the merchant.

"I was a door, sir," said the man.

"Well, sir, you see, when my employer wanted anything done he would tell the cashier, the cashier would tell the bookkeeper, the bookkeeper would tell the clerk and the clerk would tell me."

"And what would happen then?" asked the merchant.

"Well, sir, as I hadn't anyone to tell it to, I'd do it."

Too Much Gas.

THE excited individual entered the crowded room while the meeting was in progress, took out a bundle of notes and commented to address the meeting.

"What are the names?" asked the merchant.

Consolation for Hawkins.

"WHAT! Hawkins dead!" exclaimed the chaplain to the warden, upon entering the prison and learning that an inmate had expired.

"Why did you not acquaint me?"

"Well, sir, it was midnight," stolidly replied the officer, "and I didn't like to disturb you—but I managed it all right myself."

"Orkins," says I, "you've been a bad 'un."

"Yes," says he.

"Orkins, you can't expect to go to heaven."

"No," says he.

"Then, Orkins," says I, "how thankful you ought to be to have anywhere to go at all!"

"Then he passed away quite peacefully, sir."

He Made It Plain.

"SO you want to marry my daughter," said Mr. Cumrox.

"Yes," replied the young man.

"I hope to hear you say take her and be happy!"

"No, sir. I'm not going to shoulder any implied responsibilities. All I am going to say is 'take her.'"

New York Nosebag Statistics

THERE are 27,000 eating places from the Battery to the Bronx. There are 80,000 eating places where the waiters refuse tips.

There is enough energy wasted by jazz musicians to light another war.

There are 127,000 business men who say they lunch at the Ritz or Biltmore.

Out of this number, 126,827 eat lunch in one-armed restaurants.

There are 21,000 head-waiters named Charlie.

There are 27,000 waiters named George.

There are 23,000 hat-check girls in the various cafes.

Out of this number 80,000 are allowed to keep the tips they get.

They ring up the tips until they are tired.

If they don't ring up the tips they are fired.

An ordinary hat for an ordinary man costs \$5 in the store.

After three months in cafes it has cost him \$347.35.

In some places the venison ragout tastes so much like the schtrudel that you think they have made a mistake and given you the lamb stew.

There are 27,000 cafe proprietors who claim they are losing money.

There are 27,000 cafe proprietors who are staying right in the game.

Every restaurant in New York was wiped out by prohibition.

Yet every restaurant in New York is running along as usual.

Enough flapjacks are consumed each day to pave Broadway its full length.

Enough clam chowder on Fridays to float the Leviathan—noisily.

There are French, Armenian, Greek and German cafes, all run by Italians.

Enough spaghetti is eaten every evening to lace all the corners of Europe.

The Bowery bread line is in operation at 1 a. m. every day.

New York people are the eatin'giest people in the world.

Eating is what they don't do nothing else but.